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## MORE AFTER-SCENES OF BATTLE.

**THE DEAD ON THE FIELD.**—In every bush, on every yard of blood-stained ground, lay a dead or dying Russian. The well-known bearskins of our Guards, the red coats of our infantry, and the bright blue of the French Chasseurs, revealing each a silent horror in the glades, and marking the spot where, stark and stiff, a corpse lay contorted on the grass. The British and the French, many of whom had been murdered by the Russians as they lay wounded, wore terrible frowns on their faces, with which the agonies of death had clad them. Some in their last throes had torn up the earth in their hands, and held the grass between their fingers up towards heaven. All the men who exhibited such signs of pain, had been bayoneted. The dead men who lay with an eternal smile upon their lips, had been shot. Upwards of 8,000 Russians, dead and wounded, remain on the field of battle. Of these more than 5,000 are dead, some of them so mangled as barely to be recognizable for human remains. It is awful to stand on one of the heights, and look over the field. The ground is hidden by the corpses. Round the little battery which was taken and retaken so often, are 2,500 dead Russians. For about 50 yards around the outside of the battery, the corpses literally lie two and three deep. Many of the wounded were afterwards killed by the shells which the Russians threw from the forts to the north of the harbor.

**THE WOUNDED.**—But the wounded! For two days they had lain where the hand and the ball had felled them; and it was towards noon to-day ere the last of our soldiers had been found in his lair, and carried to the hospital. But the Russians, groaning and palpitating as they lay around, were far more numerous. Some of these were placed together in heaps, that they might be more readily removed. Others glared on you from the bushes with the ferocity of wild beasts, as they hugged their wounds. Some implored, in an unknown tongue, but in accents not to be mistaken, water or succor; holding out their mutilated and shattered limbs, or pointing to the track of the lacerating ball. The sullen, angry scowl of some of these men was fearful. Fanaticism and immortal hate spoke through their angry eyeballs, and he who gazed on them with pity and compassion, could at last (unwillingly) understand how these men would in their savage passion kill the wounded, and fire on the conqueror, who, in his generous humanity, had aided them as he passed. It was a relief to see that their arms were broken, that their cartridges were lying opened in heaps on the ground. Litter-bearers, French and English, clothed the hill-side, now toiling painfully up with a heavy burden for the grave, or with some subject for the doctor's care, now hunting through the bushes for the dead or dying.

Our men have acquired a shocking facility in their diagnosis. A body is before you; there is a shout, 'Come here, boys; I see a Russian!' or, 'a Frenchman,' or 'one of our fellows.' One of the party comes forward, raises the eyelid, if it be closed, peers into the eye, shrugs his shoulders, says quietly, 'He's dead—he'll wait,' and moves back to the litters. Others pull the feet, and arrive at equally correct conclusions by that process. The dead are generally stripped of all but their coats. The camp-followers and blackguards from Balaklava, and seamen from the ships anxious for trophies, carry off all they can take from the field.

**HOW THE DEAD ARE BURIED.**—At particular spots you see a party of men busy at work. Groups of them are digging away all along the hill-side, at the distance of forty or 50 yards apart. Go over, and you find them around a yawning trench 30 feet in length by 20 feet in breadth, and six feet in

depth, at the bottom of which, in every conceivable attitude, lie packed together with exceeding art some thirty or forty corpses. The grave-diggers stand chatting on the mounds by the sides, waiting for the arrival of some bearers to complete the number of the dead. They speculate on the appearance of the body which is being borne towards them. 'It's Corporal —, I think,' says one. 'No! it's my rear rank man; I can see his red hair plain enough;' and so on. The bodies lie as closely as they can be packed. Some of them have upraised arms, in the attitude of taking aim; their legs stick up through the mold as it is thrown upon them; others are bent and twisted into shapes like fantoccini. Inch after inch the earth rises upon them, and they are left 'alone in their glory.' No, not alone, for the hopes, and fears, and affections of hundreds of human hearts lie buried with them. For about one mile and a half in length by half a mile in depth, the hill-side offers such sights as these. Upward of 2,000 Russians have been buried by these men.

Observe how even high officers are buried, as in the case of Gen. STRANGWAYS:—"Shortly before the hour of sunset there advanced slowly and silently up the side of the hill a troop of Royal Horse Artillery, with a solitary gun-carriage. On the gun-carriage rested a rough plank coffin, inclosing the mortal part of a good old soldier, General Fox Strangways. There was neither knell nor band, no funeral pall, no decoration, no attempt to cloak over the rough work of death. The dull distant boom of cannon, as gun replied to gun in the contending batteries, was the only music which accompanied the warrior to his last resting place. The troops of a whole division under arms gazed at the sad procession as it slowly passed their front in solemn silence. They too had lost their leader. On the crest of this Russian hill, in the center of this low-walled detached plot of earth, lies the corpse of another British soldier well known to fame, Sir George Cathcart. Yet a little while, and by his side will be placed his brother in arms of yesterday; and then, amid prayers and tears, both will be consigned to the common earth."

HOSPITAL SCENE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—In this garden and temporary hospital could be seen men with every description of wound, from the sabre-cut to the grape and canister shot. One poor fellow's leg was taken off while we were there; nor can one easily forget the shocking scenes, the result of such a day's fighting. The surgeons, Brush and his assistant (Chapple) of the Greys, were working away, with their sleeves turned up, arms bloody, faces the same—looking more like butchers than surgeons, so hard had they worked all day. To-day, (Oct. 26th,) numbers of the wounded were sent on board different ships in Balaklava harbor; and a most mournful sight it was to see the poor fellows carried down on stretchers, some minus a leg, others an arm; one with his face battered to pieces, another with a sabre-cut at the back of his head.

FROM AN OFFICER.—A Pole and some Russians deserted last night. They tell us the enemy have lost 3,000 killed and wounded; that the town is in a frightful state—the shops closed, the merchants fled, the goods placed underneath in the cellars; and that the pointed balls and shells (Lancaster's) do frightful mischief. There are no longer *volunteers* to work the guns as there were at first; the men have now to be forced to the batteries. Many poor women and children have lost their lives in this terrible cannonade. \* \* \* \* We have unfortunately burnt the hospital, which the deserters say was full of wounded men from the Alma and from the batteries; 2,000 sick and wounded are said to have been consumed in the flames.

#### SOME MORAL TRAITS.

RUSSIAN BARBARISM.—I have alluded, says a correspondent, to the atrocious manner in which Col. Seymour, of the Guards, and a great number of brave fellows were murdered in cold blood by the Russians while lying

wounded on the field of battle. It appears that among the prisoners taken by us is a Russian Major, who was clearly seen by our men stabbing the wounded men, and encouraging his men to join him in the assassination; and when the fellow was caught, it was with difficulty that the just indignation of our men could be restrained, and he certainly would have deserved his fate had he met the fate he inflicted on others. After the action he was tried by a court-martial, formed of a committee of officers, on the charge of having encouraged his men to kill our wounded. He was found guilty, on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to be hanged; but the sentence was not put in execution, as it might be made the excuse for reprisals.

FROM A PRIVATE. — Our men fell by dozens — horses and men blown into the air, and we ran every one through we could get at. We had to cut our way through thousands of them. I cannot tell you the horrors we went through; but all I can say is, we have only about fifty men left out of the regiment. We have lost half of our officers. We were driven to desperation, and fought like madmen, and, thank God, I have escaped thus far among the few, and hope, by putting my trust in the Almighty, I shall get through it, and hope you will make yourself easy about me. *If it should please the Lord I should fall, I hope I shall go to a better world*, so you must not fret about me. Don't take any notice, if you should not hear from me; I am safe and sound when I wrote this letter. *Pray for me. I am happy.*

FROM ANOTHER SOLDIER. — The charge sounded, and away we went into the midst of them. Such cutting and slashing for about a minute, it was dreadful to see; the rally sounded, but it was no use — none of us would come away until the enemy retreated; then our fellows cheered as loud as ever they could. When we were in the midst of them, my horse was shot; he fell and got up again, and I was entangled in the saddle — my head and one leg were on the ground. He tried to gallop on with the rest, but fell again, and I managed to get loose. While I was in that predicament, a Russian lancer was going to run me through, and I could not help myself. Macnamara came up at the time, and nearly severed his head from his body; so, thank God! I did not get a scratch. I got up, and ran to where I saw a lot of loose horses; I got one belonging to one of the Enniskilleans, and soon was along with the regiment again. When I had mounted, I saw a Russian who had strayed from the rest; he rode up to try to stop me from joining the regiment again. As it happened, I had observed a pistol in the holster pipe, so I took it out, and shot him in the arm; he dropped his sword; then I immediately rode up to him, and ran him through the body, and the poor fellow dropped to the ground. Lord Lucan said, when we charged, we went into them, and the devil could not get us away from them.

#### THE WAR FELT AT HOME.

*What a letter this to send home to a mother!* — “Your son,” says an officer, writing from the Crimea, “was standing by me, and left me to see the effect of the enemy’s works; he put his head above the top of the earthen parapet, and a large round-shot struck him on the head, and his death was instantaneous; he could not possibly have suffered at all. Being myself a parent, I can feel for you; and to me his death was irreparable. He had joined me only a short time; but in that time I had been able to appreciate his good qualities; and had he been spared, he would have been, ere long, an ornament to the profession. Willingly would I give way to my feelings, and weep for him as a brother; but stern necessity forbids it. I have a large family myself, and while writing these lines in haste, have to go into the trenches again; and God only knows who may be the next. His remains I brought

with me to the camp, and yesterday they were interred in a secluded valley close to the camp, where they will not be disturbed when we quit the country. They were followed to the grave by numerous officers and men. I had a quiet coffin made to put him in, which I did with my own hands, assisted by his servant, and fastened him down myself, taking, alas ! a sorrowful, long farewell of one whom I much loved and respected. I have also made arrangements for his grave being banked up, to preserve it. I cut off some of his hair, which I now enclose. His effects, rings, &c., will be forwarded to England by the first opportunity. I have allowed nothing to be disposed of, as his family, I dare say, will like to keep all his things as tokens of the memory of one who, I am sure, must have been a good son."

**HOME FRUITS OF VICTORY.**—A letter from London, in one of our papers says :—" Over £96,000 (nearly half a million dollars) have been collected for the relief of the widows and children of the deceased and wounded soldiers in this war. Half of the aristocracy are in mourning for the death of kinsmen in the Crimea, and every third person I meet is in mourning " We have heard the number of widows alone in Great Britain from this war, reckoned at over ten thousand.

**EFFECT ON HOME TRADE.**—"Trade," says a London letter-writer, " suffers dreadfully. The West-end (fashionable part of London) shops are literally deserted. All fancy sales are at an end ; and for the same cause the usual quantity of amusements is curtailed." So it must be, probably to a still greater extent, both in France and in Russia.

**A SOLDIER'S MOTHERLESS BOY.**—A very sad sight was presented here, (Birmingham, Eng.,) when the troops were first ordered out. At the gate, on a post, stood a little boy weeping bitterly, and, as the regiment rode out, gazing wistfully into each soldier's face. At last the rear-guard came, and as a stalwart dragoon drew near, the child called out, " Father ! oh, father ! " The soldier stopped his horse, and caught the boy in his arms. " Oh, father," the little creature sobbed, " mother is dead, and you are going away, and what can I do without you ? " The poor father held his child for a moment longer, and then with a terrible look of agony he set him down, and fell into the ranks with his comrades. The boy was taken by a kind-hearted witness of that painful scene, and placed in a school in Birmingham. The other day came tidings of his father's death at the battle of the Alma. God help the orphan !

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### HOW TO PROMOTE PEACE.

A warm-hearted friend, far down in Georgia, sympathizing fully in our cause, and breathing on the subject a spirit which we should be glad to see shared by Christians in every part of the land, writes to us in the following strain :—

You lament, in nearly every number of the *Advocate*, the disposition of *Christians* to look towards force as the establisher of institutions, and the arbiter of differences ; and your proofs that all these could be sustained by a pacific course, are as numerous as they are constantly forgotten or scorned. The " cold dull ear " of pulpits, of associations, and of communities, will not attend to your illustrations, and the fiery car of warfare still rolls on now, as it has in all past ages.

But your appeals to the Christian Ministry about their glaring inconsistencies being attended with no definite point or philosophic deduction as to *what is necessary to be done* by the Churches, cannot arrest attention, and move to exertion. After exciting pity at the folly and ravages of war, it